THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

—UTILE DULCI.—

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THE AFRICAN's COMPLAINT.

PHŒBUS had immerſed his flaming forehead in the Weſtern main—ſmoothly glided the mild zephyrs, gently murmuring amongſt the ſurrounding foliage—Cynthia in brilliant majeſty began faintly to gild with ſilver tints the diſtant hills—a thouſand glittering gems ſparkled thro the circumambient hemiſphere—Nature ſeemed ſmiling to invite to nocturnal contemplation the ſons of philoſophy:—courted by the enchanting ſcenes, and enveloped in a pleaſing reverie, I walked forth amongſt the ſurrounding ſhades.—"Happy, ye freeborn ſons of Columbia," exclaimed I, "liberty and plenty bleſs your domeſtic retirements; war devaſtation, and wide-waſting rapine have fled from your peaceful ſhores no murderous aſſaſſin, or night prowling incendiary, carries the hidden dagger of ſlaughter or dread torch of deſtruction to diſturb your uninterrupted tranquility; no hoſtile armies to ſnatch from your tender embrace the ſon, the huſband, the father or brother—O." I would have proceeded, but a voice that ſeemed to pierce through my inmoſt ſoul iſſued from the adjacent ſhades: deſpair and anguiſh vibrated on the fleeting ſounds—my ſoliloquy was broken.—"Farewell every pleaſure" is exclaimed in a voice rendered almoſt inarticulate by grief. "Adieu, ye native ſkies! no more ſhall the unhappy Corymbo reſt beneath the ſpreading arbors of Congo—no more ſhall the charms of the lovely Yonka give pleaſure and delight to a boſom racked with the moſt excruciating pains; Oh, ye aged parents what were your feelings, how did your boſoms heave, when your child, your Corymbo was torn from you by the cruel unfeeling Chriſtian—forced into a floating dungeon more terrible than death itſelf—barbered as a ſlave—expoſed to contempt and ſcorn—unjuſtly marked with the whip of tyranny—his labour unjuſtly extorted from him—denied the common neceſſaries of life—trampled on by a monſter, whoſe avaricious heart outvies the adamant, unſuſceptible of the tender feelings of ſoft humanity! Oh thou inviſible being who fillains the univerſe! why doſt thou ſuffer thy votaries to perpetrate ſuch barbarity under the ſanction of thy venerable name?—Fold. Why do I upbraid Heaven? Death will ere long liberate my diſtracted ſoul. Oh, how inceſſably flows my breaſt—the delectable view ſhowers ſome drops of comfort into my tortured mind. Flow ſwift ye intervening moments come thou welcome hour when my ſpirit ſhall quit this ſinking frame and wafted on the wings of wind, ſhall fearleſs dart acroſs the Atlantic and again embrace thoſe tender, once dear, but now diſtant companions of my youth—But why do I linger. My maſter is now waiting to receive an account of my labour—perhaps the torturing laſh." Here came back, like an inundation, the remembrance of his ſlavery, which only for a moment fled to give room for a beam of comfort, which ſoon subſided and left more acute ſenſations than before. Sobs and inarticulate expreſſions were all that he could utter, whilſt in haſty ſteps he wandered from my hearing. For ſome moments I remained ſtupid, petrified to the ſpot. Still, methought I heard the ſounds of miſery echoing amongſt the lonely ſhades "Ungrateful countrymen" exclaimed," why do ye deny thoſe ineſtimable bleſſings to your fellow men that Heaven has ſo eminently digniſied you with? Or, why ſo callous to tender pity, as to lacerate the fleſh of the innocent? Oh, ye votaries of chriſtianity! how can ye reconcile your execrable conduct with the precepts of the divine, the exalted and elevated maxims of the great founder of your ſyſtem?"

A FRAGMENT.

THE ſun was retiring behind a lofty ridge of mountains to gladden other regions, the towering ſpires of the village churches were tipt with gold, while the reſplendent rays reflected from the windows dazzled the eye. Above was the azure vault, variegated with fleecy clouds; beneath was Nature's verdant carpet. The little ſongſters of the grove were paying their tributes of praiſe in melodious ſtrains; the bleatings of the lambs, and the lowings of the milky mothers re echoed from the vallies. The waters of a gently murmuring ſtream, which ran by the foot of a mountain, were ſilvered over by the mild rays of the queen of night. The ſoothing ſound of a diſtant cataract gently ſaluted the ear. The fragrant odors of flowers, watered by gentle zephyrs, breathed a delightful perfume.

Surely, ſays AMELIA, all nature conſpires to calm the mind, to reſtore tranquility, to ſoften every care. But what can eaſe the torture of a love-ſick ſoul; like the angry ſea after agitation by bluſtering winds, 'tis ſtill tumultuous. My PHILANDER ſleeps in the ſilent duſt: to the king of terrors he has fallen an untimely prey: cold are the clods that cover his once faithful breaſt. That heart which was once the ſeat of ſenſibility, and endowed with every virtue, ceaſes to vibrate to the ſound of woe. The widow and the orphan ſhall point to thy tomb PHILANDER, and cry, There lies our friend and patron! She walked penſively towards the place where his laſt remains were interred: Is this white ſtone emblem of his innocence, the only *memento* of the lovely youth?—No—thou ever liveſt in the ſoul of AMELIA there in indelible characters, thy image is impreſs'd. I will ſtrew thy grave with flowers: I will raiſe upon it the green ſod; I will encircle it with willows. Let not unhallowed feet tread here: this place to love is ſacred. Nightly will I viſit thy grave, nor ſhall the wealth of worlds induce me to forego the mournful pleaſure. If the ſpirits of the juſt watch round their ſurviving friends, then ſurely thou art my guardian angel. Dear ſhade, thou knoweſt the anguiſh of my ſoul: to me thou can'ſt not be viſible—where thou art, ſoon ſhall be, never to part again. In that ſtate, where eternal love, and joy, and peace prevail. While the flood entranced in pleaſing anticipation, ſhe reclined on his laſt requeſt.—"Amelia, live to reward my virtues, friend and bleſs the world with a race of angels like thyſelf." Suddenly ſhe ſtarted at the voice of complaining and of woe—'twas Philander, breathing the anguiſh of his ſoul to the ſilent night—"Oh, AMELIA, thou lovely fair one how long muſt I mourn an unreturned affection! thou knoweſt I waſte my midnight hours in thoughts on thee; the conſcious moon, the woods, the groves, are witneſſes of my love: I grieve unpitied—I ſigh unheard." As he advanced towards her, ſhe exclaimed:—"Philander, I know, I feel thy ſorrow—if thou can'ſt in return for love except of friendſhip, I am thine. Thou knoweſt the object of my ſoul, the once adorable, amiable PHILANDER." In an extacy of amazement and delight, he cries—"Angels, catch the ſounds; 'tis my AMELIA's voice thy friendſhip is more valuable than the love of Kings. Let us be happy. We will viſit the grave of PHILANDER together and pay to his memory the tribute of love and friendſhip. Each returning ſeaſon we will decorate his grave with flowers, till we go to join him in the world of ſpirits; where there is an ever blooming ſpring, an eternal day."

ELINOR.

A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

——"All! how cold the wind blows" ſaid a tall female, as ſhe deſcended from a white cliff which over hung the ſea. I trailed my eyes with ſtly to her face: I ſaw it was traced by the hand of beauty and not by the tear of mercy. The freſh breeze blew through her looſe garments and caſt her brown hair in diſordered, but beautiful maſſes over her naked boſom. Her eyes were ſweet and blue, but they rolled with the quickneſs of phrenzy as ſhe approached.

"Who are you?" aſked I, with emotion, taking her hand within mine. "They call me Wild Elinor" anſwered ſhe in a ſoft but hurried voice eyeing ſome flowers—"I am very poor—I have no home—I have loſt my lover—

"Beneath yon wave
Is Edwin's grave."

repeated ſhe in a muſical tone. But, come back with me, and ſee it. I ſtrew it every day with flowers, and weep ſometimes——but—I can't now!" She ſtopped and ſighed; then, putting her hand on her breaſt—"I am very unhappy ſtranger! O my breaking heart!" Her voice died

away. I thought reason gleamed in her eye, as she sunk on the sod. I stooped to raise her falling frame. She lifted her large blue orbs towards me with silent gratitude: a soft bloom spread her pallid cheek; and articulating "Edwin." fell lifeless on the earth.

"Thy gentle spirit is now at rest!" said I, bending pensively over her clay. "But, oh! what agonies must have torn thy heart, luckless maid! when returning *reason shewed thee all thy wretchedness*, and when that wretchedness cut the thread of thy existence! Cold, cold is the loveliest form of Nature! closed is the softest eye that ever poured a beam on mine! that form must now moulder in the dust: that eye must no longer open on the world!" The tears gushed as I spoke. I fell on the earth beside her corpse: the warm drops of sensibility washed the marble of her bosom—my heart heaved with agony. I was a *man*, and I gloried in my tears.——

THE MENTAL AND PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS OF A HUSBAND.

GREAT good nature, good humour, and good sense.

Lively by all means.

Stupid by no means.

His person agreeable rather than handsome.

No great objection to six feet, with an exact symmetry of parts.

Always clean, but not foppish in his dress.

Youth promises a duration of happiness, therefore is agreeable.

Well read in the classics but no pedant.

Experimentally acquainted with natural philosophy.

A tolerable ear for music, but no fidler. I must repeat it again, no fidling husband.

An easy and unaffected politeness.

No bully, just as much courage as is necessary to defend his own and his wife's honour.

May fortune smile on the man of my wishes.

A free thinker in every thing except in matters of religion.

These with Mr. Pope's definition of wit, are the only qualifications I require in the man I intend to honour with my hand and heart.

REVENGE.

REVENGE from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.

—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, *Cruelty* and *Cowardice*, twin russians, hired and set on by *Malice* in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes: the best of us lie open there,—and trust me,—trust me,—when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enow from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

MAXIM.

UNDER some circumstances it may not be disagreeable to a man to have a jealous wife; for she will always be talking of what pleases him.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

Continued.

THIS loss affected me with the most lively sorrow. Pulaski, however, appeared almost insensible to my misfortunes; either because his mind was occupied at this moment with the great project which he soon after communicated to me, or because the miseries of his country alone could affect his stoic heart. He, as usual, reassembles the remains of his army, takes possession of an advantageous post, employs several days in fortifying, and maintains himself in it for three whole months against all the efforts of the russians.

It, however, became at length necessary that he should abandon this situation, as provisions were beginning to be scarce.—Pulaski, on this occasion, came to my tent; and, having ordered every one to retire, when we alone remained, he addressed me as follows:

"Lovzinski, I have just reason for complaining of your conduct. Formerly you supported, along with me, the burden of command and I was enabled to divide with my son-in-law a part of my laborious avocations: but, for these two last months, you do nothing but weep: you sigh like a woman! You have abandoned me in a critical moment, when your assistance was become the most necessary. You see how I am attacked on all sides; I fear not for myself; I am not unhappy for my own life: but if we perish, the state has no longer any defenders.

"Awake, Lovzinski how nobly you once participated in my cares! Do not now remain the useless witness of them. We are indeed bathed in Russian blood: our fellow citizens are avenged; but they are not saved; nay, even in a short time we may be able no longer to defend them."

"You astonish me, Pulaski! Whence these sinister auguries?"

"I am not alarmed without reason. Consider our present situation: I am forced to awaken in every heart the love of its country; I have found no where but degenerate men born for slavery, or weak ones, who, although penetrated with a sense of their own misfortunes, have bounded all their views to barren complaints.

"Some true citizens are, indeed, ranged under my standards; but eight long and bloody campaigns have lessened their number, and almost extinguished them. I become enfeebled by my very victories;—our enemies appear more numerous after their defeats."

"I repeat to you, Pulaski, once more, that you astonish me! In circumstances no less disastrous, no less unhappy, than the present, I have beheld you sustain yourself by your courage. . . . . "

"Do you think that it now abandons me? True valour does not consist in being blind to danger, but in braving it after it has been foreseen. Our enemies prepare for my defeat; however, if you choose, Lovzinski, the very day which they point out for their triumph shall perhaps be that destined to record their ruin, and achieve the safety of our fellow-citizens!"

"If I choose! Can you doubt my sentiments? Speak! what would you have done?"

"To strike the boldest stroke that ever I meditated! Forty chosen men are assembled at Czenstachow along with Kaluvski whose bravery is well known; they want a chief able, firm, intrepid—It is you whom I have chosen."

"Pulaski, I am ready."

"I will not dissemble to you the danger of the enterprize; the event is doubtful and, if you do not succeed, your ruin is inevitable."

"I tell you that I am ready, therefore explain yourself."

"You are not ignorant, that scarce four thousand men now fight under my commands; with these undoubtedly I have still an opportunity of tormenting our enemies: but with such feeble means, I dare not hope to be ever able to force them to leave our provinces. All the nobility would flock beneath our banners, if the King were in my camp."

"What do you say? Can you hope that the King would ever consent to repair hither?"

"No: but he must be forced to do so."

"Forced!"

"Yes: I know that an ancient friendship connects you with M. de I——: but since you have supported, along with Pulaski, the cause of liberty, you know also that you ought to sacrifice every thing to the good of your country; that an interest so sacred ——"

"I know my duty, and am ready to fulfil it; but what is it that you now propose to me? The King never leaves Warsaw."

"True, and it is therefore, at Warsaw that you must go and find him: it is from the heart of the capital that he must be forced."

"What preparations have you made for so great an enterprise."

"You behold yon Russian army, three times as strong as mine, and which has been encamped three months in sight of us its General, tranquil at present within his entrenchments, impatiently waits until, forced by famine, I shall surrender myself at discretion.

"Behind my camp are marshes which he thinks impracticable: the moment that it is night, we shall traverse them. I have disposed of every thing in such a manner that the enemy will be deceived, and not perceive my return until it is too late. I hope therefore to be able to steal more than an hour's march upon them, and if fortune seconds me, perhaps a whole day. I shall advance straight forward to Warsaw by the great road that leads to the capital notwithstanding the efforts of the little Russian bands who hover continually in its neighbourhood. I shall either encounter and conquer these separately, or, if they form a conjunction on purpose to stop my progress, I shall at least be able to occupy their attention in such a manner that they will not be able to impede your operations.

"In the mean time, Lovzinski, you will have preceded me. Four forty followers disguised, and armed only with sabres, poinards and pistols concealed under their cloaths, shall have arrived at Warsaw by different roads. You must wait there until the King has left his palace; you are then to carry him off, and bring him to my camp. The enterprize is bold—rash, if you please so to term it: the march to Warsaw is difficult; the stay in it dangerous: the return from it extremely perilous. If you are vanquished, if you are taken prisoner you will perish, Lovzinski, but you will perish a martyr to liberty! and Pulaski jealous of so glorious an end, sighing at being obliged to survive you, shall send Russians, thousands of Russians, to accompany you to the tomb!

"But on the contrary, if an all powerful Deity; if a God the protector of Poland, has inspired me with this hardy project, to termi-

date her evils; if thy good fortune ſhall procure a ſucceſs equal to thy courage, what a glorious proſperity will be achieved by means of this noble daring!

"M. de ——— will not ſee in my camp, other than citizen-ſoldiers, the foes of foreigners, but ſtill faithful to their king: under my patriotic tents, he will reſpire, as it were, the air of liberty, and the love of his country: the enemies of the ſtate ſhall become his; our brave nobility, aſhamed of their indolence, will readily combat under the royal banners, for the common cauſe; the Ruſſians ſhall either be cut in pieces, or be obliged to paſs the frontiers—my friend, in thee thy country ſhall behold her ſaviour!

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Pulaſki kept his word. That very night he accompliſhed his retreat, with equal ſkill and ſucceſs, by traverſing the marſhes in profound ſilence. "My friend," ſaid my father-in-law to me, as ſoon as we were out of the reach of the enemy, "it is now time that you ſhould have us. I know well that my daughter has more courage than another woman; but ſhe is a tender wife, and an unfortunate mother. Her tears will affect you, and you will loſe in her embraces that ſtrength of mind that dignity of ſoul, which now becomes more neceſſary to you than ever: I adviſe you, therefore, to be gone, without bidding her farewell."

(To be continued.)

THE DUEL.

—"ARE you ſatisfied?" cried Edgar, accompanying his words with a dreadful thruſt. The ſword entered the breaſt of Richard, and but juſt eſcaped his heart. "Are you ſatisfied?" repeated he, while drawing the weapon from the wound, reaking with the blood of his friend. Richard would have replied, but his ſpeech failed him. He groaned, he gaſped for breath; he fainted.

The claſhing of ſwords, and the words of Edgar arouſed the venerable inhabitant of the foreſt. He ſlipped on his garments, and haſtened to the ſcene of action: With ſome herbs, of the nature of which he was acquainted, he ſtaunched the bleeding and Richard again opened his eyes. When the hermit ſaw he was ſo far recovered, he returned to his cottage, to prepare a bed, and get other things in readineſs for the reception of the wounded perſon.

The firſt object that Richard's returning ſight brought to view was Edgar. "Traitor, Villain," he feebly uttered, "hence from my ſight—life is no longer pleaſing to me—you have ſhewed before me bitterneſs. My ſiſter you have wronged; in an unguarded moment you took the advantage; you triumphed over her virtue: And do you ſtill ſuppoſe I can behold you with tranquility? If you do, know that I deteſt you."

"For this I will be revenged" exclaimed the other. "Take that!—and ſhould our ſpirits meet in other worlds, revenge I'll ſtill purſue!" Here the wretch, triumphing over a fallen enemy, plunged his ſword deep into the heart of Richard; and extinguiſhed the ſpark of life that ſtill remained.

The hermit was returning from his cottage—horror arreſted his ſteps—"he ſaw the iron enter his ſoul."

EFFECTS OF MISFORTUNE.

WHAT by ſucceſſive misfortunes, by failings and croſs accidents in trade; by miſcarriage of projects:—what by unſuitable expenſes of parents, extravagances of children and the many other ſecret ways whereby riches make themſelves wings and fly away; ſo many ſurpriſing revolutions do every day happen in families that it may not ſeem ſtrange to ſay, that the poſterity of ſome of the moſt liberal contributors here in the changes which one century may produce, may poſſibly find ſhelter under this very plant which now they ſo kindly water. Nay ſo quickly ſometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

TO THE MEMORY OF A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD THE HONOUR OF BEING DANCED TO DEATH BY A YOUNG LADY.

HERE reſts a wearied youth, by death reliev'd,
Who, had he reſted ſooner, ſtill had liv'd,
Stung by a fair Tarantula, he hay'd,
He figur'd in, he caper'd, friſk'd and ſtray'd
From the gay ball to the Elyſian ſhade.
Compute by dances, and fourſcore he paſs'd,
Man's utmoſt term; CATERINA* was his laſt.
Yet think not, reader, that he dares to blame
The beauteous cauſe from whence his ruin came.
Too well the nymph had by experience found
Her eyes as fatal, tho' more ſlow the wound,
So wav'd the triumph of a longer fight,
And, from mere pity, kill'd him in one night.

* *A dance ſo called.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

TO all the ſex deceitful
A long and laſt adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cauſe are many,
And long, and hard to bear,
The joys they give if any,
Few, ſhort, and inſincere.

WALTER.

THE SEASON OF DELIGHT.

A SONG.

RECITATIVE.

ONCE happy as the playful fawn,
Which taſtes no ſorrow, knows no care,
Fond MIRA's heart was pleaſure's throne,
Till love uſurped dominion there,
Then oft his cares employ'd her tongue,
And thus the alter'd MIRA ſung—

AIR.

In youth gay ſeaſon of delight!
How ſweetly glide the hours along,
Joy, mirth, and innocence unite,
To prompt the care untainted ſong.

Yet e'en in youth and danger lies,
For then the tendereſt paſſions move,
Deſtructive to our ſportive joy's,
Which fly before the cares of love.

Thus oft beneath the ſmootheſt ſeas,
Where ſcarce an eddy plays around;
Obedient to the flutt'ring breeze,
The unſuſpected rock is found.

EPITAPH ON A WINE-MERCHANT.

HERE lies John Bray, a wine retailer,
Who ne'er before met ſuch a failure;
But death, that mighty tyrant drew
His cork, and out the ſpirits flew,
Which, like his wine, could mirth impart—
Both genuine, always chear'd the heart.
But now, alas his jokes are fled;
Unlike his wine, he's *flat* and *dead!*

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED,

—On Saturday evening, the 22d inſt. by the Right Rev. Biſhop White, Mr. CHARLES KEARSHAW, to MISS HENRIETTA JENNINGS, daughter of John Jennings, Eſq.

—On Thurſday evening, the 20th inſt. by Jonathan Penrole, Eſq. Mr. JOHN LEWIS, to the amiable Miſs ANN HENSEY both of this city.

—Same evening, Mr. ISAAC C. JONES, merchant, of this city, to the amiable Miſs HANNAH FIRTH, of New Jerſey.

Let Hymen's and fair Juno's court unite
To ſhed upon them their moſt bounteous bleſſings,
May Heaven with auſpicious ſmiles approve
And crown their days with happineſs and peace.

☞ THIS Number of the PHILADELPHIA MINERVA completes the firſt quarter of the third volume—A perſon will, in the courſe of the next week, wait on our ſubſcribers for the amount of their reſpective ſubſcriptions.

JAMES MOLAN,

SURGEON DENTIST AND MANTUA-MAKER,

No. 7 Prune ſtreet, or Shippen's Alley,

AFTER viſiting the principal iſlands in the Weſt-Indies, where he executed his profeſſion and was employed as a ſurgeon both in the Engliſh and French Hoſpitals, has returned to Philadelphia. He cleans ſcales and makes artificial teeth, performs every operation in the human Mouth, extracts teeth and ſtumps with peculiar eaſe.

N B The poor may have his aſſiſtance gratis.

Jan. 21.

JOHN NICHOLSON, JUNR.

GUN MAKER,

HAS Removed his Shop to No 89, South Water-ſtreet where he continues to carry on the ſaid buſineſs in all its various branches.

WANTED an Apprentice to the Printing Buſineſs, apply at the Office of the PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

FOR SALE,

A GRAND PIANO FORTE,

Inquire at No. 206, Market-ſtreet, or at the Office of the PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

March 18.

** SUBSCRIPTIONS *for this Paper are thankfully received at No. 18, North Third-ſtreet, and No. 77, Cheſnut-ſtreet, (Price Two Dollars per Annum, payable quarterly.)*

Court of Apollo.

—***—

ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, gentle Spring whose genial power
Calls to new life each fragrant flow'r,
In richest tints array'd;
Whose balmy breath revives each scene,
The shady grove, the daisied green
In verdant beauty clad.

At thy approach the feather'd trains
Renew their long neglected strains;
Sweet music floats around;
Whilst list'ning Echo's busy tongue
Repeats the burden of each song,
In faint imperfect sound.

Thy presence prompts the lab'ring swain
To give, with equal hand, the grain
To the kind soft'ring soil:
Mild suns autumnal shall mature
The golden crop in happy hour
To recompense his toil.

The mute sojourners of the brook
Had long their wonted paths forsook,
Cramp'd by stern Winter's reign;
But, rouz'd by thy reviving beam,
Again they gambol in the stream,
And skim the glassy plain.

Ah! short-liv'd joys! The angler keen
Shall soon to sorrow change the scene,
With the deceptive fly;
The speckled rovers seize the bait,
And swallow unsuspected fate;
They flounce, they gasp, they die.

Thy healing hand destroys disease:
Thy breath brings health in every breeze;
Before thee agues fly:
Thou giv'st each heart with joy to glow,
All blood in brisker streams to flow;
Health laughs in every eye.

What tribute, then, shall mortals bring,
To offer to the genial Spring?
What trophies shall we raise?
With grateful sons, at least, let's try
To wait her praises to the sky,
In loud accordant lays.

—

THE MAN OF SENSE.

A CHARACTER.

MILO, you tell me, is a man of sense,
Who thus displays his wit at your expence?
Whilst with your claret Milo you regale,
He soothes your ear with jest, or hum'rous tale;
Yet, stung with satyr, or malignant sneer,
You often buy your mirth extremely dear.
He entertains your company, 'tis true;
But whilst we laugh at him, we laugh at you.
Milo, whene'er you speak, looks wond'rous wise,
Or cuts you short with insolent replies:
If contradicted, Heav'ns! what exclamations!
He fills the room with rude vociferations!
With Cynic snarls maintains the loud debate,
Fierce as a cur before his master's gate.
Wit as he is, and fraught with learned store,
Yet Milo wants one happier talent more.
None laugh sincere but those who're at their ease;
Then, Milo, learn the better art—to please.
Fools are aveng'd when wit gives just offence,
And true good-nature far outshines good-sense.

MIRANDA.

A MORAL TALE.

"Come, gentle hope, in flow'ry vest,
Pour thy sweet balm o'er all my sense;
Lull each anxiety to rest,
And chear the mind of Innocence.
"Shroud from my sight this urgent gloom,
And paint the morrow's chearful ray;
Or soon this corpse shall meet the tomb,
Fall'n, like a rose, ere noon of day."

SUCH were the plaintive accents that smote my ear, as I wandered, musing, by the banks of the Mersey. The words had something in them which arrested my attention; but the melancholy cadence with which they were sighed forth, elicited the sympathetic tear of sorrow. I could not discover from whom the ditty proceeded; I advanced, therefore, cautiously, to the place whence the sounds issued, that I might view the distressed mourner, who who had already so powerfully engaged my commiseration.

She sat on the cold ground, under a shade of willows; distress spoke in her countenance, the fountain of her tears appeared exhausted; and her grief, unable to overflow and vent itself at her eyes, convulsed her throbbing breast. Her form contained every thing that elegance and beauty can combine; her features were regular, and expressive; her eyes large and black, but sorrow had robbed them of their vivid flashes, and her dress was the remains of gentility.

I stood awhile in silent admiration and was so enwrapt in the contemplation of the fair distressed, that I had not hitherto noticed a little dog, which she had in her lap, and viewed with all the tender languishment of love. I was about to address her, when she again began to sing—

"Fair truth and constancy shall prove
The pillars of Miranda's love,
The main shall sooner float in air——"

Here an involuntary sneeze, on my part, caused the unhappy maid to espy me, and break off her strains of woe.

She arose, and clasped her little care in her arms, tenderly but deliciously exclaiming, "They shall not hurt thee, my Henry these murderers shall not come near thee! Rest on thy Miranda's bosom, and forget thy fears in her love."

I approached nearer. She looked at me with earnestness: and saw the big drop rolling down my cheeks, and my whole frame almost motionless with grief. The delirium which she had just experienced immediately left her: she advanced near me—"And do you pity me and my love?"

"Thou lovely fair one," said I, "though I am unacquainted with thy miseries, and the source from whence they flow; yet, let my tears witness my heart felt commiseration."

"Is there, then, one soul left," said she, "that feels for poor Miranda, that feels for her father, and her lover?"

Here she sighed, and cast a tender look on her little companion. A paleness overshadowed her cheeks, her lips quivered and she seemed about to relapse into her former delirium; when I diverted her attention by turning it to the beauty of the landscape, and the serpentine windings of the river.

I offered my arm: which she accepted with that unsuspicious modesty, that a heart pure and conscious of its innocence inspires. "Where do you live Miranda?" said I. She started at hearing her name from a stranger, having forgot that she had mentioned it; but quickly recollecting herself—"at the foot of yon farthest hill, you see several clumps of trees around an humble cottage; at present," replied she, sighing, "I live, or rather die, there!" I desired leave to see her home: she thanked me for my kindness, and consented.

"Miranda," said a grief-worn personage, whom, at our entrance into the cot, I perceived laid on a poor but cleanly couch—"Miranda, you shall not add to my heap of miseries by staying in the fields so late; I am alarmed, at such times, for your safety."

At the sound of the voice, and at the appearance of the old lady, I felt a tumultuous palpitation of the heart, and a more deeply sympathizing sorrow, than I account for. She had not discovered me before; she now perceived me motionless at the sight of this little maniac of sorrow. She alledged, in excuse for her inattention to me, her solicitude for her daughter. A youth of about twelve years old raised her up from the couch; a girl some years older sat languidly at her feet. A little wood composed their fire, which was at present their only light: its inconstant glimmerings served only to exaggerate sights of woe.

Such were my presentments on this occasion, that I involuntarily conceived there must exist some unknown connection of destiny or consanguinity between myself and the mourners. I therefore desired with eagerness, to be made acquainted with their history.

On turning from Miranda, to whom I made this request, I beheld the mother's eyes fastened on me: a glistening tear impearled them: she shook her head, as if disappointed, and poured forth a rending sigh. Again my heart throbbing within my breast; but recollected the desire I had expressed to Miranda, whom I perceived now composed, and ready to satisfy my curiosity.

"The zeal, Sir, with which you appear to interest yourself in our afflictions, entitles your request to attention. By complying, however, I shall again pourtray in lively colours, to my own and my wretched parent's sight, those miseries which have by time acquired a mellower tint. Hard is the fate of the inferior order of clergymen! How many are the difficulties that surround them! The labourer, who by his toil is able to support his family, enjoys comparatively the happiness of a prince. The scanty pittance allowed them by the church, will oft times scarcely procure food for themselves and their family. You will join with us, no doubt, in lamenting, that in England, in this most happy and heaven favoured isle, there should exist so intolerable and just a ground of complaint. Nay, even policy, one might imagine, would direct them to abolish such a neglect of Christ's ministers: for, as no government can flourish, so it cannot long stand without religion for its basis. The common people chiefly respect externals, and fancy themselves at liberty to deride the thread-bare coat, how great and how many virtues soever its weary may possess. When the expounders of religion fall into contempt, religion itself does not long escape; till, at length all laws divine and human are totally neglected and despised. But, whither am I carried on! Excuse my wandering, Sir: such considerations ever arise, when I reflect on our condition."

(To be continued.)

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